Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00035.01

McMillan, Mr.

Julia

London

[1805]

Reel: 35 Title: 1

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION

Master Negative Storage Number: OC100035.01

Control Number: ADL-7546 **OCLC Number :** 13420104
Call Number : W 381.52N M228j JULI
Author : McMillan, Mr.
Title : Julia, or, The adventures of the daughter of a village curate : describing her journey from Elmwood to London, to obtain the living for her father, with the perilous events attending her arrival, and their happy conclusion / written by Mr. M'Millan.
Imprint : London : Printed and sold by S. Fisher, [1805]
Format : 38 p. : ill. ; 17 cm.
Note : Caption title: The village curate.
Note : Frontispiece dated March 13th, 1805; printing statement, p. 38, dated 1803. **Note :** Signatures: B-D 6 .
Subject : Church of England Benefices Juvenile fiction.
Subject : Church of England Clergy Juvenile fiction.
Subject : Chapbooks, English. **Added Entry :** Fisher, S. (Simon)

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/29/94
Camera Operator: AR

London, Published March 13th 1805, by S. Fisher.

Drawn by Tomkins. Engraved by Andw Wilson.

"Poor, poor man, what shall I do to serve you?"

Page 20.

JULIA;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF THE DAUGHTER

OF A

Village Curate;

DESCRIBING HER JOURNEY

FROM

ELMWOOD TO LONDON,

TO OBTAIN THE

LIVING FOR HER FATHER;

WITH THE

Perilous Events attending her Arrival;

AND THEIR

HAPPY CONCLUSION.

WRITTEN BY MR. M'MILLAN.

"When Virtue is rewarded, all that think should rejoice."

LONDON:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY S. FISHER,
No. 10, ST. JOHN's LANE, CLERKENWELL;
May also be had of all other Booksellers, and News-venders, in Town and Country.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

W
381.52N
M228v
OVLF

70203W

THE *VILLAGE CURATE.*

IF thou art a curate, O reader! and haſt already one pariſh in thy poſſeſſion, be contented, and ſeek not to have two. Contentment is better than to have two livings.

Many good people beſide *Shakeſpeare* have been born upon the *Avon*; and one of them was the curate of the pariſh of *Elmwood*. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his daughter *Julia* remained. This old parſon could do many things beſide eat his pudding, drink his October (both which he loved affectionately), and collect his tithes—thoſe important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of a country curate. He carried the ſciences in his head, and morality in his heart—I mean ſo far as they are connected with manners and ſentiment. Beſide all this, he preached an excellent ſermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout; but, above all, he dearly loved his beautiful daughter *Julia*.

And well did ſhe deſerve his love.—Sweet maid! If ever I forget thee, may my fancy loſe her flights, and my pen its movements! If ever I forget the majeſtic elegance of thy form, or the liquid blue ſwimming in thy eye, or the half-roſe half-lily colors glowing in thy cheek, like the ſtreaks of the Weſt in a *July* evening—Oh! if I remember not the lovely confuſion o'er all thy features, when I firſt beheld thee in the arms of thy raviſher, may I ceaſe to dream of thee! If I do not, *Julia*, mayeſt thou never think of me!

Such was the daughter of the curate of *Elmwood*— a fair form and a pure heart. It was nouriſhed in the pure boſom of an indulgent and affectionate father.

Though the manſion of theſe contented relatives roſe in the centre of the pariſh, it was neither ſtately nor proud; like its inhabitants, it was modeſt, and ſeemed to retire into an obſcure and ſilent glade, formed between various clumps of ſhrubbery, and a ridge of riſing ground. At a ſmall diſtance rolled the ſilver *Avon*, ever muſical, now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding through green plains and fields covered with wild flowers. Through theſe fields, and along theſe ſkirted banks, often did the curate and his daughter purſue their walk. In that ſweet hour of the

DEC 16 1917

evening when the ſun ſeems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleaſing beam over the landſcape, then might you ſee them walking arm in arm, and ſlowly, on the *Avon* ſide. "*Julia*," he would ſay to his daughter, "my dear *Julia*, you and my pariſh are the comforts of my life. Ye are all my children; but you, *Julia*, *you* are my friend. The thirſty love not to drink, nor the weary to reſt, more than I love to look upon you. What would become of me, *Julia*, wert thou gone? and when I am gone, my daughter, what will become of thee?"—"I hope, father, we ſhall die both together."—"God grant it!" anſwered the old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighboring pariſh diſturbed their tranquillity. The vicar of that pariſh died. The moment our curate was informed of this, it rouſed one of his worſt paſſions; he had now but *one* wiſh to be gratified in this world; and that was, to have the neighboring vicarage in his poſſeſſion. "My dear father," ſaid the unambitious *Julia*, "have we not competence? Does not this competence afford us felicity? and is not this ſufficient?" Aye, all that was very true; but then the vicarage lay ſo ſnug, juſt at his own door; he wanted to have it in his power to leave ſomething to his *Julia*; and, now that he was ſo very old, and ſo very gouty, what a comfortable thing it would be to have a curate under him, to perform ſervice when he was confined at home! The thing was evidently a ſnug thing, and would be very convenient; beſides, he knew the patron of the living; he had been his ſchoolfellow—as good a nobleman as ever was born. He was certain of ſucceſs; it was impoſſible that he could not ſucceed; he had ſet his heart upon the thing; and *Julia*, his child, could not oppoſe it.—Here he was right. *Julia* would ſooner have expired at his feet. She yielded with a ſmile.

But much remained yet to be done. The curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) had got the ſtart of his judgment. He did not conſider that lord *C*—, the patron of the living, reſided in *London*, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither; for perſonal application is abſolutely neceſſary in theſe caſes. Beſides, the clergy, though they are continually adviſing their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of heaven only, have an irreſiſtable propenſity to keep their own conſtantly fixed upon the good things of this earth. Every moment, therefore, was important. To loſe a minute, was to loſe the curacy; and while he was

talking, ſome other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, no want of an aſſiſtant curate, might be poſting to his lordſhip in *Berkeley-ſquare*.

The old man became now greatly agitated, and that boſom which ought to have been the manſion of reſignation and peace, was diſturbed by reſtleſs wiſhes and ill-timed deſpair. The ſympathetic ſoul of *Julia* was tumultuous; her heart throbbed with guiltleſs pangs for the griefs of her father. She tried to ſooth him, but tried in vain. She argued againſt his wiſhes; but ſhe was arguing againſt the follies of old age, which are incurable. The evening came, but came not as uſual; this man of deſpair was unconſcious of its charms. His ſoul was deaf to the voice of nature, even when her notes were ſweeteſt—at the cloſe of the day. He liſtened not to the carrols of the hinds, nor to the ruſtic muſic of the fields; the flocks cluſtered in the meadows unnoticed, and the ſun poured his evening glories over the landſcape unregarded. Even *Julia* did not charm him; he ſaw her kneel at his ſide without emotion, and heard her ſighs in ſilence.

Here a father and a friend was loſt to happineſs—the only friend too ſhe had in the world; and ſorrows much leſs than theſe would have murdered the peace of *Julia*. She had already knelt by the ſide of her father; ſhe now claſped his hand cloſely in her own; and, fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuſe her one requeſt. "What was that?"—To permit *her* to go to *London*, to ſolicit for the curacy. Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of *Julia* was pathetic, and it awakened him. His affections returned in an inſtant; he leaned over his daughter, and gave her to underſtand that it was impoſſible to grant her requeſt; that he would not part with her for a biſhopric, and that ſhe muſt not think to part with him. She replied, he anſwered, and ſhe re-anſwered. The conteſt was long, ſtubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with nature, a richer quality. Suffice it to ſay, that *Julia* conquered; and ſhe obtained with great difficulty what ſhe called the *honorable* office of being her father's meſſenger.

It has been obſerved already, that diſpatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be loſt, it was agreed that ſhe ſhould ſet off the next morning. The *Warwick* ſtage paſſed through the neighboring market-town, and ſhe might walk thither to meet it. The old man retired to get ready his letters, and his daughter to make

her little preparations for her journey. How they ſlept, themſelves know beſt; but when the morning came, the curate's opinions were entirely changed. He had thought better upon the ſubject, and he had reſolved not to let her go. The roads were dangerous, and *London* was ſtill more ſo; beſides, ſhe might turn ſick, or the coach might be overturned; ſhe might be killed, and he would never ſee her more. *Julia* knew that theſe fears were only the tender workings of timid nature, and ſhe oppoſed them. In ſhort, the conteſt was renewed with its former warmth, and the affection of the daughter once more triumphed over the tenderneſs of the father. He conſented again to let her go, on condition that *Joe* (his laborer, his gardener, his footman, his hoſtler, his every-thing) ſhould attend her with his friendly care, ſhould be the companion of her journey.

Now this *Joe* was the awkwardeſt mortal. Never, ſure did more ſimple ſquire page it at the heels of a fair lady. Neither the *Sancho* of don *Quixote*, nor the *Pedrillo* of *Roſalva*, were more arrant children of nature—more guided by native ſimplicity. He and his occupations ſeemed made for each other, ſo exactly were they reſpectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things, *viz.* for whiſtling after his team the loudeſt and moſt muſical notes of any in the whole village, and for knitting ſtockings. This was all the reputation he had in the world; and he was now going to ſet out for *London* (where he had never been) in high expectation of ſeeing fine things and fine folks, but without any idea of receiving treatment different from what he had met with in the pariſh of *Elmwood*.

Now, reader, ſtop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey; and then confeſs that they were highly worthy of the politic heads which gave them birth. A village virgin, pure as the ſnow-drop in the valley, attended by a village boor; both equally accuſtomed to travelling, and the buſtle of an *Engliſh* turnpike-road; both equally ſkilled in the knowledge of men, and of their characters, are ſetting out for *London*—for *London*, I ſay, in queſt of a curacy! The thing was worthy of a village curate.

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles diſtant. Without palfry, armor, or other retinue than the children of the neighborhood (who regarded *Julia* as the good and fair genius of the village), the cavalcade ſet out. *Julia* and her father led the van, and the reſt followed. *Joe*, as if con-

ſcious that he was entering upon a ſervice of danger, aſſumed a ſtatelier port and a more auguſt viſage; and, with a clean ſhirt in his left pocket, much good bacon and cheeſe, and a luſty ſapling in his hand, he towered majeſtically forward in the midſt of the children, with ſtern aſpect and long ſtrides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occaſion I could ſay much, but will not. To deſcribe the glances of affection and the looks of love which gliſtened in every eye, which played in every feature, would be tedious to many of my gentle readers. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with informing them, that in this difficult ſcene the ſimple heart of the curate failed him; his eyes confeſſed it, and he played the woman. The tender *Julia* caught the ſoft contagion; and from her it paſſed to the little villagers who compoſed her train. *Joe*, who now ſaw what was paſſing all around him, was not willing to be ſingular; his eye forgot its haughtineſs for a moment, and he mixed his plaintive notes in the concert of woe. But theſe lamentations were ſoon over. The curate, taking his daughter by the hand, ſhowered bleſſings and advice upon her in great plenty, and bade her adieu. He then marched back at the head of his young flock; and our travellers ſet forward to the market-town with haſty pace and high expectations.

Having arrived there, they met the ſtage-coach, and took their reſpective ſtations; *Julia* in the inſide, and *Joe*, like her guardian angel, perched above her on the top. The coach contained ſeveral paſſengers; among whom was a fooliſh officer of the guards, who peſtered the lovely girl with a deal of idle ſmall talk, impudent regard, and uncourteous gallantry. Nothing remarkable happened, till they arrived at the lane which is three miles on the weſt ſide of *Uxbridge*; when a very civil gentleman came to the window, and deſired them to give him all the money they had. He beſpoke them very gently, beginning at the right hand, man by man, and woman by woman, till he went round to the left ſide. The officer was unhappily firſt, and he gave his purſe with a ſullen ſilence. *Julia* was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durſt not look toward the window. A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few ſhillings back, to carry him to St. *Paul*'s. A little fat woman ſurrendered her purſe, with a threat; and a plain dreſſed man regretted he had not more for ſo *civil* a gentleman.

When they arrived at the inn at the next ſtage, every one expreſſed his ſorrow as his feelings prompted; but they were

now to enter upon their laſt ſtage, and none had ſuch weighty cauſe to be aggrieved as *Julia*, who had not a friend before her. To go forward was madneſs, and to go back was impoſſible. What was ſhe to do? She called in *Joe*, and aſked if he had provided himſelf with any money, in caſe of an emergency. "Yes, that I have; and there it is at your ſervice;" throwing down his entire ſtock upon the table, which in the whole amounted to the ſum of three ſhillings and nine-pence. This was her firſt misfortune; and ſhe thought it but a rough entrance into the world for one who never deſerved it. The officer now entered the room; and ſeeing *Joe* there, began to upbraid him for ſuffering the highwayman to eſcape, when he was ſeated ſo advantageouſly at the top, with an oaken ſapling in his hand. "You ſtupid oaf!" ſaid this military hero, "why did not you attack him?"—"'Caſe I had not a ſwoard by my ſide, like you," replied *Joe*, with the greateſt frankneſs; "he—he—he!—icod, every man to his traid, meaſter!" Theſe arguments were unanſwerable.

The officer now walked up to *Julia*, whoſe embarraſſment he perceived; and, taking her aſide, told her that he gueſſed the cauſe of her ſorrow, and that he was happy he had it in his power to remove it; "for," continued he, "I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and to leave myſelf unprovided with reſources. Here," ſays he, untying his ſtock, and ſhaking out of it a ſlender green purſe, "here is my *corps de reſerve*. I gave the robber a few ſhillings, and I ſecured this for your uſe." Now *Julia* examined the face of this affair ſimply as it ſtood. It was a caſe of neceſſity; and ſhe thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from *Elmwood*, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuſe the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her ſorrows. She might probably have an opportunity of hinting the matter to lord *C.* when ſhe ſaw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the curacy, and thus all would be right again. She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when ſhe ſaw her noble friend, lord *C.* ſhe hoped to be able to repay him. "Lord *C.*!" ſays he, "what—you are going to viſit him!" "Yes, ſir."—"A relation, I preſume, madam."—"No, ſir, only a friend; his lordſhip and my father were great friends when they were young, and at ſchool."—"Ay, ay! your father, I preſume, madam, lives in the country."—"Yes, ſir, he is curate of *Elmwood*, near — in *Warwickſhire*."—

"Your visit, ma'am—is it a visit of pleasure or business?" "Business, sir. I am only come to town with a letter of my father to lord *C.* to solicit the curacy of —."—"O! I understand you, ma'am, lord *C.* is my particular acquaintance, and it will give me pleasure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you safe and honorably to his lordship. Would you chuse to alight, ma'am, at any particular place in *London?*"—"No," said the simple *Julia*, "I intend to stay at the inn all night, and to wait upon his lordship in the morning.—"Ah! madam," replied the officer, "you do not know the confusion, the disgust, and danger which you will meet with at the inn. I have a mother in town, who lives elegantly. Be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her house. She will receive you with cheerfulness, and treat you with tenderness. May I perish, madam! May I beg the honor to know your name, madam?"—"*Julia.*"—"May I perish, miss *Julia*, but I am interested in your case, as sincerely as if you was my own sister!" This last proposal was better and better. To meet so good a friend! She was certain her father's prayers for her were heard; and she thought she could not be too thankful to heaven, nor to the gentleman. She accepted his offer; and they entered the stage-coach.

As the coachman was at this place paid his full demand, there was nothing to be done but to roll into town, and go where they pleased. The fat woman lived in *Holborn*, and the coach stopped to set her down. "Here too, madam," said the officer to *Julia*, "we may get out, for we are near home." The artful abruptness and hurry of the summons; the consciousness of finding herself suddenly in the midst of the immense metropolis, where she already saw strange things, and expected to see still stranger; her total ignorance of every thing around her; her hopes, her expectations, her simplicity, all contributed to throw her mind into confusion, her spirits, into a flutter. She forgot every thing; even *Joe*—and *Joe*, alas! forgot her; for he was exactly in the same predicament. He was astonished; he was in a new world; his recollection forsook him, and a mist wandered over his eyes; he sat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing. In this cloud *Julia* escaped; and she neither spoke nor looked around her, till her gallant commander led her into *Lincoln's-inn-fields*. Now when a young gentleman, with a young lady by his side, who is resolved to follow him, finds himself in *Lincoln's*-

inn-fields, the road to *Covent Garden* lies direct; 'tis only going up *Queen-ſtreet*, croſſing the *Lane* and the *Acre*, and there you are. He conducted her into that well-known houſe ſituated between the Theatre and the *Piazza* coffee-houſe. The polite inhabitants of this houſe received the young gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an acquaintance, which convinced *Julia* that he was quite at home.

Now, gentle reader, while our heroine and her friend are ſeated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect, and confeſs whether we have not travelled to good purpoſe.—And now thou wretched old man, thou ambitious curate of *Elmwood*, rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers; for your daughter is in a bagnio, and without a fear.

Every thing that paſſed around the lovely girl in this houſe appeared too plauſible for her eyes to be opened, or her ſuſpicion to be rouſed, for ſhe had never been in a tavern before; and as to the inceſſant tinkling of bells, and continual running of waiters, why, bells and ſervants muſt be in all great families, and, no doubt, muſt be conſtantly employed. The deception I ſay was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except one thing; it puzzled her to conceive why they ſhould be conducted into a bed-chamber. But perhaps, ſhe thought, it was the faſhion in *London*; and faſhion was irreſiſtable. He philtered the beverage, and *Julia* drank ſparingly; but not ſo her companion. He was to attempt the gaining a difficult poſt, and the coward wanted ſpirits. The ſecond bottle began to tune the ſpirits of our hero; his veins ſwelled, his pulſe quickened, his eyes gliſtened, and his cheeks glowed; he ſnatched the hand of *Julia*, fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love; if indeed he loved *Julia*, it was with the ſenſations of a tiger. She ſtarted from his embraces, and retreated ſome paces from her chair. He followed, and renewed the attack, and ſhe her reſiſtance. He grew ſtronger, he grew wilder; his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before), and he became furious. *Julia* became faint; ſhe was yielding; her tender frame was exhauſted, and ſhe could now only ſhriek. A ſhriek was a new thing in theſe apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face glowing and beſmeared with ſweat, kicked open the door, and ruſhed violently into the room with all the zeal of a man eager to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed. The officer let go his hold of *Julia*, and ſhe threw

herſelf breathleſs upon a chair. The man in *diſhabille* ſtared at them both alternately, now at *Julia*, and now at the officer, and at length broke ſilence:—"What, force! Why, thou damnable and ſilly animal, what a dirty buſineſs is this you are engaged in—forcing a woman to your wiſhes! To force a woman in any place, is a meanneſs that no man of honor will ſtoop to; but to to force one here, in this houſe—d-m--nation, you ſcoundrel! get out, walk out, or I'll kick you." We need not be ſurpriſed that the officer was mean enough to take his advice. He looked at the man in *diſhabille* as if he recollected ſomething, and left the room.

"And now, my angel," ſaid the gentleman in the boot to *Julia*, taking her by the hand, "let us drink a glaſs or two, and I dare ſay *we* ſhall agree better."—"Oh! ſir," ſhe replied, claſping her hands, and falling on her knees before him, "have mercy on me, pity me, or you will kill me." "Pſhaw, my dear girl, I never kill *quite* upon theſe occaſions; you will but *die* at the moſt. But, child, you look damned ſerious upon this buſineſs. Is any thing the matter with you?"—"Oh, ſir" anſwered ſhe, in the midſt of many tears, "I do not know where I am, and I do not know where to go. I am juſt come to town in the *Warwick* ſtage." "In the *Warwick* ſtage! What, through *Uxbridge*?"—"Yes."—"And was that fellow one of the company?"—"Yes."—"Whe—w. And you met a highwayman, didn't you?"—"Yes."—"That was me, by G-d." Here *Julia* ſhrieked, terrified at the ſound of the name; but he ſtopped her in good time, "You muſt not be afraid," ſaid he, "for I'll not hurt you. Tell me honeſtly, are you virtuous or not?—that is, are you a maid?"—"Oh! upon my honor, ſir."—"How came you here then, in company with that fellow?"—"When you took—when I *loſt* all my money, he advanced ſome for me; and, as I had no friends in *London*, promiſed to take care of me, and bring me to his mother's till to-morrow, when I could finiſh all my buſineſs."—"You are *really* honeſt then."—"As I love heaven and my father, ſir, I am."—"Then thou art a lovely girl, and 'tis pity ſo fine a woman ſhould be honeſt. But I believe you, and will be your friend—nay, I will guard you from harm; for, by G-d, I am a man of honor; and though misfortunes, and my evil ſpirit, force me ſometimes to the highway, I ſcorn to do a mean thing, by G-d. In the firſt place, as you have loſt your money, you ſhall divide this purſe with me. In the next place, you are now in a houſe full of whores and

ſcoundrels. I muſt leave it myſelf in a minute, in caſe that fellow ſhould have *twigged* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too. Truſt yourſelf with me, and I will take care of you till morning." She told him, he could not ſerve her more agreeably than by taking her to the inn where the ſtage and *Joe* were. That, he ſaid, was more than he durſt do; but he would conduct her to a place equally or more ſecure. So ſaying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his road-dreſs, and adjuſt the reſt.

If the reader has any imagination, he will conceive how our heroine's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they were interrupted by the re-entrance of the highwayman, who now appeared to be a handſome genteel young fellow. He paid the reckoning, and they departed. It was then between nine and ten in the evening.

They had not quitted the Piazza, when four of ſir *John Fielding*'s men ruſhed forward, and ſeized the highwayman with the moſt incredible activity. They ſwept him away, as the whirlwind ſweeps away the leaves in autumn, and whirls them the lord knows where. *Julia* ran rapidly away, nor caſt one look behind. She continued to go forward, as ſhe thought, till ſhe had ran a great way; and then ſtopping for breath, ſhe was exactly on the ſpot from whence ſhe ſet out; ſhe had only run round the garden, not ſuſpecting but ſhe was going forward in a ſtraight line. "Madam, madam," ſaid an *Iriſh* chairman to her, "do you want a chair?"—"I do not know", ſaid ſhe, "what I want."—"My fait, but I do; you want to be carried to mother *H.*'s, which I and *Conner* yonder can do in five minutes."—"My good friend, if you can carry me to any honeſt place, I ſhall bleſs you for ever."—"Honeſt *plaſe!* Devil burn me, my honey, an if I know one honeſt *plaſe* in the whole town. Ha, ha ha! honeſt *plaſe*. Ah, you cunning devil, you! To be ſure, you want to go to an honeſt *plaſe!* Ha, ha, ha! Here you, Mr. Watchman, this lady wants to go to an honeſt *plaſe*. Can't you ſhow her the way?"—"Aye, that I can," replied the watchman. "Ah! madam, is it you? I know you of old. Come along, come with me; you ſhall go to the honeſteſt place in all king *George*'s dominions—the *Round-houſe*." The watchman happened juſt at that time to want a pot of beer; but *Julia* not underſtanding his meaning, to the round-houſe he immediately led her in triumph.

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of inſenſibility; the ſuddenneſs and horror of the laſt adventure were

too much for her; her faculties loſt their power, and her recollection was ſuſpended; ſhe was led by the watchman without ſeeing whither ſhe was going, and ſhe was dragged along without ſeeing that he held her by the arm. But ſhe had not been long ſeated at the top of the bench, where they placed her near the fire, before ſhe awakened from her ſtupor. She tremulouſly looked around, and ſaw herſelf in the midſt of a horrible aſſembly, whoſe miſcreantic viſages would make angels weep, and demons tremble. High above the reſt, like the evil ſpirit in *Pandemonium*, ſat the conſtable of the night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a ſtool before him. "Here," ſaid this man in office, "you, *Snoring Dick*, reach this here tankard to that there lady. Oh! ſhe won't drink. Well, well, that's all one; if ſhe does not drink, ſhe'll pay; ſo bring her forward here."

Julia now advanced; her cheeks were ſuffuſed with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled.

"Ay, ay," ſays the conſtable, "you may well ſhake when you look at me. Hem! what account can you give of yourſelf, miſs? No, that's not it neither. I'll begin with you, I think, miſter Watchman. Where did you find this here lady here, *Snoring Dick?*"—"Found her!" replies *Dick*; "why, pleaſe your worſhip, I found her picking a *gemmun's* pockets."—"Picking a *gemmun's* pockets! Mercy on us! Oh ho, miſs! you may well ſhake when you look at me. Well, *Dick*, go on."—"And ſo, ſir, as ſhe was a picking the *gemmun's* pockets, as I was a ſaying, I comes cloſe behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact."—"In the fact?"—"In the fact."—"Tranſportation, moſt certainly, by the lord *Harry*. Well, go on, *Snoring Dick*."—"And ſo, ſir, as I catches her hand, ſhe turns about, ſtoops down for one of her pattens, and before you could ſay *cavy*, hits me the naſtieſt blow in the ſkull I had in my life ſince the great riot. You pleaſe to feel, miſter conſtable, the lump it has raiſed on my ſkull, as big as a quart baſon."—"Ay, God bleſs me! ſo it is; it's a thumper, i'faith!"—"A thumper! it will ſtand damages. I never had ſuch a blow in my life. I wa'ant ye it bleeds under my hair. It *ſtoundered* me like a ſtock-fiſh."—"Ay, it's a clear caſe, ſhe wanted to murder you."—"Yes."—"Oh, the horrid monſter! Well, madam, have you nothing to ſay for yourſelf? Ah, you impudent —*Dick*, take off her patten, that we may carry it as a witneſs before ſir *John* in the morning."—"Ay, that I will,

miſter conſtable; the patten will ſpeak for itſelf, and a damned heavy patten it is."

Dick ſtooped for it, but *Julia* wore no pattens.

"Ah, the cunning devil!" continued *Dick*, "ſhe has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw ſomething away as we came along."—"Oh! let her alone," ſaid the conſtable, "ſhe's a knowing one; but ſhe ſhall *doll* it in *Bridewell* to-morrow, for all that. Ay, you may well ſhake when you look at me, you bloody-minded—You may now return to your ſeat."

As *Julia* was returning to her bench, ſhe trembled inceſſantly, but never uttered a ſyllable.

"Oh!" ſays *Dick*, "ſhe's dumb-founded with the *hideouſneſs* of her crime."—"No," replies a ſecond, "ſhe's drunk."—"Not ſo far gone, neither," echoes a third, "but a quartern of gin would recover her."—"Ay, ay," ſays the conſtable, "there's no doubt but ſhe'll drink; and its her turn to ſend out now. Pleaſe, madam, to give this *gemmun* money for a gallon of *Trueman*'s beſt, and for half a gallon of hot, and for four papers of tobacco, and for a loaf, and for three pound of Cheſhire. Here, *Scout*; walk over, ſirrah, to the lady, and make her your Sunday's bow. Bring every thing of the beſt, and then we'll drink to the lady's health, and to poor *Snoring Dick*'s head; and old Ugly-face in the corner yonder will ſing us the comical ſong about the 'Cat and the Taylor', and make his wry faces, and we'll be as happy as princes."

When this oration was finiſhed, *Scout* made his obeiſance to our heroine. She was juſt able to aſk him what he wanted. "Money, madam."—"How much muſt you have?"—"Oh, you may let me have five or ſix ſhillings, and I'll make the beſt market I can, and return you the reſt faithfully, madam, upon my honor. And if that won't be enough, I'll return for more."

Julia felt in her pocket for her purſe (which the highwayman had given her), but ſhe could not find it. It was gone.

On ſeeing this, the preſident bawled out immediately, that it was a ſham, and ſhe proteſted in vain. The company around heard this with an arch ſmile; the watchmen ſhook their heads, and the conſtable grew noiſy; which awakened an old gentleman, who had hitherto ſlept very ſoundly in a corner. Eſtimating the thing as favorably as poſſible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is, he was no other than the well-known Mr. *B.* who had once

three thouſand a year, though he had not now ſixty; but, being a man of plain manners and a generous diſpoſition, is ſtill well received among his relations, and thoſe who know him. He had been lounging, as uſual, for eight or nine hours in a coffee-houſe in the Garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-houſe, either to ſleep or drink. On this laſt account, he was regarded there with ſome degree of reſpect.

He naturally inquired the cauſe of the noiſe; and the majority informed him, that it was only a madam there, who pretended that ſhe had loſt her purſe. The lovely girl now appealed to him in her turn; and, with that unaffected ſimplicity which ever clothes the words of innocence and truth, informed him, that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the ſtreet; that ſhe was poſitive ſhe had her purſe at that time, becauſe a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before; that from that time ſhe had only walked thither with the watchman, and now ſhe miſſed her money.

"Which watchman was it?" ſaid the gentleman. "Me," anſwered *Snoring Dick*, boldly. "Was it you?" ſaid Mr. *B.* "Ah, *Dick*, you and I, you know, are old acquaintance; and it is long ſince I have known you to be a ſcoundrel. Therefore, ſirrah, deliver the purſe."—"Me!" anſwered *Dick*. "Have I the purſe? I'll be damned if I have any purſe about me."—"You have not?"—"No."—"And you will not deliver?"—"No."—"Why then, Mr. Conſtable, I charge you with—"—"Except, indeed," interrupts *Dick*, eagerly, "ſomething that I picked up in the ſtreet, as I was coming along with that there lady."—"Ah! you old fox," ſaid the gentleman, "I thought that I ſhould unkennel you. Where is this ſomething which you picked up from the ſtreet?"—"Here it is; but it does not belong to her."—"Pray, madam," ſaid Mr. *B.*, addreſſing *Julia*, "is this your purſe?"—"If it has a gold taſſel at either end," anſwered ſhe, "it is mine, ſir, upon my honor."

It had ſo, was delivered to her, and Mr. *B.* immediately retired back into his corner to reſume his nap.

She now willingly paid all the demands made upon her; and the preſident obſerved to her, that as to be ſure as how ſhe was a good-natured lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had given *a good account* of herſelf, why, to be ſure, ſhe might now go about her buſineſs. She thanked him, but mentioned that ſhe did not know whither to go till

morning. "Not know!" ſaid the conſtable; "why, there are five hundred beds around you, where you may ſleep for half-a-crown." But ſhe was a ſtranger in town, and did not chuſe to venture into ſtrange houſes.

"Lord, ma'am," obſerved *Snoring Dick*, "for ſix-pence I'll conduct you to a bagnio where you will be as ſafe as if you was in the Tower." She ſtarted at hearing a bagnio mentioned. "Why then, ma'am, if ſo be you are ſhy, and a'nt proud, hire me weil, and I'll let you ſleep in my houſe. There's nobody there but my wife. I'll ſeek but five ſhillings, and your purſe can well ſpare that."

This propoſal did not require to be repeated. She took him at his word. Even though he took her purſe, as he was a poor man, ſhe thought ſhe might be ſafe in his houſe for a night. Beſides, ſhe was pleaſed with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more. With *Dick*, therefore, ſhe went into one of the little ſtreets behind *Long Acre*, and followed him to a three-pair-of-ſtairs room, humble enough, indeed, but where all was ſilence. *Dick* awakened his wife, told her the ſtory, whiſpered her to look ſharp after her lodger, and then left them. *Julia* chatted a little while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough for a watchman's wife. The firſt thing ſhe begged of her, was to be favored with pen, ink, and paper. She readily got theſe; the landlady retired to bed; and *Julia* wrote the following letter:—

"Ah! my dear father, ſhall we ever meet again? When ſhall we meet? Are you well? Shall I ever ſee you? and, ah! ſhall you ever ſee me? I am now—Alas! I do not know where I am, nor where I have been, nor where I ſhall be to-morrow. I ſeem an outcaſt from ſociety. I have not met one friend ſince I left you; every one deceives me; every one inſults me; they have treated me cruelly, they have broke my heart. Even Joe *has forſaken me; he has deſerted me, or he is loſt, for I know not what is become of him. Ah! my father, my dear father, that heaven which we both ſerve, let that heaven bear witneſs, that one wiſh alone fills my whole ſoul—the wiſh to ſee you once more, to walk with you, to gaze upon you, to ſit once more by your knee. I would ruſh into your boſom. I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forſake it—never, never. They are not mankind who ſurround me. I do not live among the human race; theſe are the habitations of the furies! When ſhall I leave them? Shall I ever quit the dreary manſion where*

I now write? I tremble. Shall I never more see Elmwood? *Shall I never fly into the bosom of my father? And, oh! if it is possible, as my father hath told me, that dreams have any meaning, and that the soul is most susceptible of these visionary impressions when it is most o'ercharged with woe; most surely this night I shall converse with my father.*"

She sealed these hopes with a shower of tears.

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate (as it has been mine, and is at this moment many a nobler fellow's), to be sitting in that lofty habitation called a *garret*, plunged in deep distress, no pence in your purse, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly; when, throwing your eyes around the rayless walls, you are conscious that sighs and tears are the only plentiful commodities about you. If this has been your case, you must well know the comfort that arises from shedding your sorrows in secret, and the relief that flows from a shower of solitary tears. In such a situation, next to instantaneous and absolute relief, it is the first of blessings; and our lovely girl now felt it in all its force. Her heart was eased, and she hoped for a night of rest, and for better days. Having then sealed up her letter, she retired to a bed so humble that it kissed the ground.

Watching and grieving had given her too good an appetite for sleep, not to enjoy it. Whether or not she dreamed I cannot really inform my reader, because she never acquainted me with that circumstance. This I know, that she slept nine hours incessantly, and, when she awoke, found her head resting upon the partition-wall which rose at the back of her bed. It consisted only of a single-file of boards, and was full of crevices. Her ear lay upon one of them, and it conveyed to her the most doleful accents that ever struggled from the human breast. She started, and applied her eye to the crevice, but every thing was solitary. She saw no one. The voice ceased. It ceased only for a moment. Again it murmurs, weeps, laments, sobs; and again it ceases. Her sympathising soul followed it through all its variations; and, led by a soft humanity, she mourned with the mourner through every change of his woe. She applied her eye a second time, but could see nothing. A moment after, the voice was renewed. It was now more querulous, then more plaintive, and at length died away upon her ear, as if it had expired for want of strength. She heard it no more. For the present, she suppressed her feelings, and arose.

Snoring Dick had retired for an hour, to ſleep away the fatigues of the night, and of the beer-pot. His wife was at breakfaſt, and invited *Julia* to partake of her bohea. She conſented willingly; and the woman, who had but one cup, politely offered it to her gueſt, and took for her own uſe a pint-pot, from which her huſband had been drinking beer.

This repaſt over, *Dick* awakened; and *Julia*, who during breakfaſt-time was deviſing what meaſures to follow, propoſed at firſt to engage him to go along with her to the inn where *Joe* and the ſtage-coach were; but on recollecting the dangers ſhe had already experienced in the ſtreets, ſhe reſolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring *Joe* along with him to the place where ſhe was. *Dick* readily aſſented to this propoſal, for the hire of a half-crown; which he ſtipulated ſhould be paid him before he ſet off, as well as the crown for the bed. All this he received on the ſpot, with the letter for her father, to be put into the poſt-office. He now departed, aſſuring her, that though ſhe had not the name of the inn to give him, he could diſcover it.

This buſineſs happily adjuſted, the groans in the adjoining apartment roſe upon her mind. She had purpoſely delayed her inquiries till *Dick*'s departure, whom ſhe knew to be unbleſſed with humanity. His wife, by a ſofter temper and a more complacent behavior, had recommended herſelf better to the obſervation of her gueſt, and ſhe reſerved her ſympathies for her ear. Aſſuming, therefore, that ſerious and eager aſpect which the face wears when we are in earneſt, ſhe inquired who were the inhabitants of the neighboring manſion. "An old man," anſwered the woman, "who I fancy is ſometimes in diſtreſs; but we have too many wants of our own to mind any others." Indifferent as the woman was when ſhe ſaid this, our lovely girl felt herſelf intereſted, and conceived much more than was expreſſed. Seeing her hoſteſs not very fond of ſocial woe, ſhe ſuppreſſed her emotions, and in a ſhort time after ſtole out into the ſtair-caſe. The door of the man in diſtreſs was exactly oppoſite to the watchman's, and ſhe gently knocked at it. There was no anſwer. She knocked more loudly, but all was ſilence.—"Alas!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "if your grief is paſt utterance, I muſt enter without leave." She raiſed the latch, and entered. It was a piteous ſight, and worthy of the tears of thoſe bright eyes which now ſhed them ſo plentifully. Image

in your mind, this lovely girl bending over a bed, which contained in it, ſtretched along under a tattered rug, a man, upon whoſe features heaven ſeemed to have poured its bittereſt pangs. He was alive, but had ceaſed to groan, becauſe he could groan no longer. In his arms were two children. His left was circled round one who was aſleep; his right, round one who was dead. He gazed upon *Julia* without any emotion, and made not an effort even to raiſe his head. He looked as if he was Reſignation itſelf.

Here was that feaſt of exquiſite grief, that luxury of ſenſibility, which is fit only for thoſe exalted ſouls who move in the higher departments of humanity. It was fit for *Julia*.

At length ſhe ſpoke. "Poor, poor man, what can relieve you?" He ſhook his head.—"Nothing." Here her ſympathy once more broke looſe; her tears poured down inceſſantly. Tears are infectious. Two or three trickled down from the poor man's eyes. "May God bleſs you!" ſaid he; "you have ſhed the firſt tears that have been ſhed for me theſe ten years. The fountain of my ſorrows is almoſt exhauſted, but I have ſtill a drop to mix with yours."—"Poor, poor man," ſaid ſhe, "what ſhall I do to ſerve you?"—"O! nothing," he replied, "nothing. One of my children is dead, and the other will be ſo in half an hour. I am waiting for its death, and I ſhall very ſoon follow it."—"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, ſitting upon the bed-ſide, "would you not have it live? Is it impoſſible to recover it?" He anſwered, "I hope it is." She then attempted to take hold of it, but he preſſed it cloſer to his ſide, and would not let it go. "I pity you," ſaid ſhe, "and wiſh to relieve you; you and your child may ſtill live. Suffer me to be your friend." At this he only ſhook his head, and attempted to ſmile, as if to tell her it was impoſſible. However, not to be guided longer by a man who was in deſpair, ſhe was reſolved to adminiſter to the woes of the wretched. She left the room, and returned to the watchman's wife. She ſlightly mentioned to her where ſhe had been, told her there was great diſtreſs, and begged of her to go out for a little wine, to be warmed for the uſe of the ſick. The woman, who was not totally deſtitute of good-nature, (though it was ſtrongly ſeaſoned with that vice ſo peculiar to good-natured people, indifference) readily obeyed. The wine which ſhe brought was warmed, and carried in by *Julia* herſelf to the ſolitary father. She inſiſted that her landlady ſhould not accompany her; from an opinion, perhaps, that this ſcene of ſorrow

was too ſacred for the profane eye of the vulgar. The man of deſpair (naturally enough, in his ſituation) refuſed relief; but ſhe inſiſted on the thing, and ſhe had ſhed too many tears to be refuſed. He deſired, however, that ſince they muſt be relieved, the child ſhould be relieved firſt. "As for you," ſaid he, withdrawing his arm from the child which ſhe was taking hold of, and turning to the one that was dead, "as to you, my dear and lamented girl, my laſt and beſt beloved, you have cloſed your eyes upon me, and you are ſmiling at life in the boſom of your mother. You was weary of hearing your father's groans. You fled to invite him to follow." He now kiſſed it, gazed upon it, hugged it, and wept over it; and then dried the tears off its face, as if it could be conſcious of the favor.

In the mean time *Julia* was very buſy about *her* child, but her aſſiduities were almoſt baffled. The child had opened its eyes, but it refuſed to open its mouth. In ſhort, ſhe was obliged to call to her aſſiſtance her hoſteſs, who readily came; and between them they poured ſome warm wine mixed with water down its throat. Still it was inſenſible; and at length it was thought prudent to carry it to the next room, to be nurſed before the fire; which the hoſteſs did.

Julia now adminiſtered to the father, and he was revived. The balmy ſtrength of the wine recalled his expiring ſpirits, and warmed a heart which was almoſt cold. The firſt uſe he made of his new acquired ſtrength was to thank his benefactreſs, and to inquire for his child. Being informed where it was, he ſeemed to be ſatisfied. Our amiable girl ſoon after prepared for him a bit of bread, thin and toaſted, which he ate with ſome difficulty. This, however, prepared the way for his recovery; and in about two hours he was tolerably eaſy and ſtrong. The child in the other room made a ſlower progreſs back to life, but they did not deſpair.

The child (a boy) having been put to bed again, the watchman's wife reſumed her uſual occupations; while *Julia*, whoſe gentle faculties were ſtill attuned to ſoftneſs and diſtreſs, waited upon the father, and warmly preſſed him to reveal the origin and cauſe of his misfortunes. He ſhook his head at this requeſt, and told her it would be a hard taſk; beſide that, ſhe had already ſhed tears enough that day upon his account. However, he complied; and his benefactreſs, ſitting upon his bed-ſide, her cheek leaning upon her left hand, liſtened to a tale of deep and deſperate diſtreſs. "Behold before you," ſaid he, ſtarved with hunger, and co-

vered with rags, a man who has long fought for his king, ſpilt for him his deareſt blood; whoſe body is covered with wounds, in defence of that country which now leaves him as you ſee him. Such is the balm they have applied to my wounds." Though his notes were querulous, they were eloquent. But truth is always eloquent. At preſent I am neither at leiſure, nor in the humor to repeat them; and in all probability, perhaps I never ſhall.

When he had finiſhed his melancholy tale, he caught hold of the hand of *Julia*, and preſſed it to his boſom. "This boſom was once warm," ſaid he; "but though it is cold, you are welcome in it. I cannot thank you; but my boy will live and do it, when I am crumbling in that grave from which you have drawn me for a moment." She, with that true politeneſs which is natural to virtuous minds, begged him to accept ſome money for his preſent neceſſities, and promiſed to viſit him till it could be no longer in her power.

It was now rather more than dinner-time, but neither *Dick* nor *Joe* appeared. *Julia* was growing uneaſy. Four o'clock ſtruck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five, but nobody arrived—ſix—ſeven—eight—nobody. During theſe intervals ſhe had paid frequent viſits to the man in diſtreſs, and applied every lenitive ſhe could invent to his affliction; and ſhe charged her hoſteſs with great ſincerity, at whatever time ſhe went away, to be attentive to his neceſſities till her return, which would be both certain and quick. So he was for the preſent pretty well provided for.

I have ſaid it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneaſy. It was now half paſt eight. "Still nobody! Good heaven! are my misfortunes never to end?" It ſeems not, *Julia*; for about a quarter before nine, two of ſir *John Fielding*'s men entered the room, with *Dick*, drunk, very drunk, at their head.

Alas! 'tis as I always thought it. This dirty world has but few good perſons in it, and thoſe few it is continually harraſſing and peſtering with its evils; nor does it often ceaſe till it breaks their hearts. Shame on it, that a curate's innocent beautiful daughter, who never prayed for the good things of this world, nor for the evil upon its inhabitants, ſhould not be ſuffered to go upon an errand for her father without moleſtations and misfortunes! I repeat it—ſhame upon ſo dirty a world!

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts upon this affair may be, certain it is, that ſir *John Fielding*'s men are

come in queſt of *Julia*; and I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their buſineſs with her.

To underſtand it, then, your memory muſt recur to the adventures of *Julia* with the highwayman. He had met with her in the bagnio, and given her a purſe with money in it, and in their departure from thence the highwayman was apprehended. The affrighted girl fled, and was afterward conducted by chance to the round-houſe, as we have before related at large. Now the highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the courageous officer of the guards, of whoſe heroic and military virtues we have already ſpoke ſo fully. Juſt when this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of *Holborn* had alighted there upon the ſame buſineſs. When the highwayman therefore was apprehended, the firſt buſineſs thought neceſſary was to ſearch him; and all the different purſes of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman. It was agreed that he could not have ſpent it in ſo ſhort a time—therefore, he muſt have given it away. To corroborate this ſuſpicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the perfumed officer confirmed it. The caſe was therefore plain. *Julia* muſt have the purſe in her poſſeſſion. Away they ſally, with the officer at their head, through ſtreets, taverns, bagnios, and night-houſes, but in vain; ſhe was no where to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met *Dick* the watchman. (*Dick* was at this time returning home to *Julia* without any anſwer or information; for, inſtead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money.) The thief-taker inquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had ſeen ſuch a lady, after deſcribing her very minutely. "Seen her!" ſays *Dick*, "why ſhe is at my houſe." This information was ſufficient for the ſervant of juſtice; he took *Dick* by the arm, and ſummoning ſome of his companions, ſet off for her lodgings.

We have already ſeen them introduced where ſhe was. They ſeized her without ceremony, and proceeded, as uſual, to ſearch her. The fatal purſe, ſo remarkable for the golden taſſel at either end, was in a moment found. This confirmed the ſuſpicion, and ſhe was carried away as an accomplice.—When will perſecution ceaſe to follow virtue?

Sir *John* was not that night at home, and they informed her that ſhe muſt be impriſoned till morning. *Impriſoned!* She ſhrieked at the very ſound. "Pſhaw!" ſaid one of them,

ſeeing her confuſion, "you need not be terrified, I aſſure you, ma'am; we are not going to a common priſon. I have a pretty, little, ſnug houſe, and as cloſe as a cage, where you may ſleep as ſafely and ſoundly as in your own bed-chamber. No difference in the world, I aſſure you, ma'am, only that every door and window in the houſe is incloſed with ſtrong and triple iron bars. That's all, I aſſure you, ma'am; and, notwithſtanding all theſe advantages, it will coſt you only a guinea for your bed; not a farthing more, I aſſure you, ma'am. I keeps the beſt uſage, the beſt *tendance*, and the beſt wines in the Garden, I aſſure you, ma'am. Lord, ma'am, then, what do you pout at? No cauſe to be terrified, I aſſure you, ma'am."

Eloquent and agreeable as this language certainly was, it did not greatly gladden the heart of the unfortunate girl. But there was no choice in the caſe, and ſhe followed her guides. Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where was a fire, and good furniture. She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and aſked her what ſhe choſe for ſupper. "Nothing." What did ſhe chuſe to drink, then? "Nothing." "Oho," replied he, "an' if ſo be that you are ſo ruſty, good night to you with all my heart." He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key which grated as it turned, amid the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful ſounds to ſuch an ear as *Julia*'s! Her teeth gritted, and her joints trembled. This was the ſevereſt ſtroke of all. To be impriſoned! and as the accomplice of an highwayman too. But ſhe ſubmitted to heaven, where all her wiſhes reſted; her hopes leaned upon that, and upon the prayers of her father. She retired to bed, but could not ſleep; her misfortunes ſtill interrupted, and occupied her whole ſoul. She tried again, but in vain.

Her mind recurred to the ſcenes that were paſt, and reluctantly brooded over the gloomy aſſemblage. And, in truth, when we reflect upon it, her caſe was rather hard. It was now only the third night ſince ſhe had quitted the peaceful manſion-houſe of *Elmwood*, and the arms of her father. The firſt night ſhe was ſomewhere upon the road; the ſecond ſhe was in a bagnio, in a round-houſe, and in a garret, and the third ſhe was in priſon. Each of theſe misfortunes was a mountain upon her mind, under which it ſtruggled; but by the ſtruggle it only became more feeble.

At length the ſoul, by its powerful and violent workings, overcame the body. Wearied with affliction, her ſpirits languiſhed, and nature ſunk into ſlumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the moſt placid, is the heavieſt. She ſlept till eight in the morning, when ſhe aroſe. At nine they paid her a viſit; and at ten ſhe was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to *Bow-ſtreet*.

Here ſhe did not wait long for the appearance of the juſtice, as every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as neceſſary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought moſt proper to begin with queſtioning him apart upon the ſubject, and then with examining her; and by the compariſon of their reſpective evidences the truth might be diſcovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obſtinacy natural to men in his deſperate ſituation prevented him from giving any account of the purſe which was miſſing. But now, when he was informed that *Julia* was really in cuſtody, that honor, which was not yet entirely extinguiſhed in his heart, was rouſed for her ſafety. He told ſir *John* the hiſtory of the purſe, with even its moſt minute circumſtances; that he had robbed her among the reſt; that he afterward met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of reſtoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that ſhe was in every reſpect innocent of the crime for which ſhe was charged.

Julia was next examined, and her evidence moſt exactly correſponded with the former. Ingenuous as uſual, ſhe took up the ſtory at *Elmwood*, and carried it forward to the ſtory of the purſe; and ſhe told her little tale with that truth and ſimplicity which can never be counterfeited. Yet frequent attempts are made to imitate theſe virtues; and the juſtice was ſenſible of this. He had heard her mention that ſhe had letters for lord *C.*, and he deſired to ſee them. Theſe ſhe inſtantly produced to vouch for her ſincerity. She added too, that there was ſomewhere in town a perſon who could confirm her words beyond ſuſpicion; but, alas! poor *Joe!* ſhe knew not where to find him. "*Joe!*" ſaid one of the juſtice's men, who ſtood behind her, "what, is your name *Julia*, madam?"—"Yes," replid ſhe. The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the Daily Advertiſer, in which he read the following moſt curious advertiſement:—

" If a ſarten yung lady, miſs Jullia *(whoſe name is nothing to nobody, and which I doan't mention here, becaiſe I doan't think it proper) ſees this, this is to let you kno, miſs* Jullia, *that* Joe *duſn't kno where you be, and that you duſn't kno where* Joe *is, for he is is to be found at the ſine of the* Swain with Two Necks *in* Lad-lane, *and no where elſe, as witneſs my hand, by me,* JOE ****."

This very extraordinary advertiſement is copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from the real paper, which I have now in my poſſeſſion. *Julia* liſtened to it with attention, and confeſſed her feelings in her eyes, which gliſtened with expectation. Not contented with an aural information, ſhe ſnatched the paper, and devoured the precious morſel with her own eyes. In ſhort, the ſimplicity of the thing ſpoke for itſelf, and *Joe* it was moſt undoubtedly.

But it may be neceſſary to explain this affair. I again ſummon the memory of my readers back to that time of our hiſtory, when *Joe* and his miſtreſs unluckily parted in *Holborn*. He did not look for her till the coach ſtopped in the inn yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhauſted. The reſt of the company had been out of the coach ſome minutes. At length, he ventured to thruſt in his head; but ſhe was not there. He ſtarted back on his heel, and gazed wildly round the yard, but in vain. Oppoſite to him he ſaw the door of a public room open, and he ruſhed in without ceremony. From thence he ſallied into the kitchen, ſtole into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. Wounds! he looked furious, and almoſt breathleſs. He marched into the ſtables, and in ſhort into every place where he ſaw a door open to receive him; but all would not do; ſhe was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one more peep into it, but all was ſolitary. "God bleſs my heart," ſaid he to himſelf, fidgetting, and ſcratching among his auburn hair, "protect me from all temptations and evil ſpirits! I wiſh that I could ſee miſs *Julia* again." Now, at laſt, he bethought him of what he ought to have done at firſt, *viz.* to aſk the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. "Didn't ſhe leave no word with you for me?" ſaid he to the coachman?"—"No."—"Don't

you know where ſhe went?"—"No."—"Don't you think ſhe'll come here this night?"—"I can't tell you, upon my word." With downcaſt looks and folded arms he meaſured the ſpace acroſs the yard with long and melancholy ſtrides. He walked into the paſſage of the houſe, and marked the clock. He counted the hours, as they rolled ſlow and heavy, but he ſaw not his miſtreſs. It was now ten o'clock; but no miſtreſs came. Alas! alas!

They are not the ſevereſt, but they are the moſt anxious moments the mind knows, when the poſſeſſor of it, ſimple, timid, and honeſt, feels himſelf from home, and forſaken in the midſt of ſtrangers. Theſe moments *Joe* now felt in all their bitterneſs. He went to bed without hope, and he aroſe in deſpair. He grieved inceſſantly, and he wiſhed for the boſom of a friend to lean his griefs upon. At length, he diſcloſed his mind to the hoſtler; and the hoſtler gave him his advice. It was this, to advertiſe. Every body did it, he ſaid, upon every ſubject. Always when he loſt a horſe, he advertiſed for it; and why might not the other do the ſame now for his miſtreſs? It would certainly open the whole affair, for advertiſements could do every thing.

At this time *Joe* ſtood too greatly in need of comfort, not to take any advice that was offered him. But he thought this moſt excellent. He accordingly wrote with great care the advertiſement we have already repeated, and the hoſtler ſent one of his boys with him to the Daily Advertiſer. And this is the hiſtory of that extraordinary advertiſement.

When the juſtice found ſo many circumſtances ſpontaneouſly conſpired to vindicate her innocence, that her amiable ſimplicity ſubjected her to ſo many dangers, and that ſhe was the object rather of a polite humanity than of perſecution, he reſolved to intereſt himſelf in her ſafety. And in the firſt place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct *Joe* to his miſtreſs. As to the fat woman, the magiſtrate told her that her money ſhould be taken care of; and the highwayman was immediately remanded to priſon.

Joe arrives. I have not time to deſcribe every thing; but my readers may be aſſured that the meeting between him and his miſtreſs was truly affectionate. Suffice it to ſay, that ſhe preſſed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and that he took faſt hold of the ſkirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met, the juſtice politely aſked her how he could moſt effectually ſerve her. She replied, that her

only buſineſs in town was to deliver her letters to lord *C.*; and that if he would favor her with a guide thither, ſhe would always remember him with moſt unfeigned gratitude. This ſhe obtained; and once more acknowledging her obligations to the juſtice, they all ſet off for *Berkeley-ſquare*.

Here they ſoon arrived. The guide leaving them at the door, *Joe* immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high treaſon to be covered within ſix yards of a lord's door. They knocked, but were told by the porter, his lordſhip was not at home. *Julia* ſaid, ſhe was ſorry for that, becauſe ſhe had letters of importance for him. "I can't help that," anſwered the porter, "he's not at home, and he'll not be home—I don't know when he'll be home."—"But could you not gueſs, ſir? becauſe a great deal depends upon it." "Lord, ma'am!" replied the liveried *Cerberus*, "I tell you I know nothing about it." Sounds ſo ungentle, uttered by ſo rude a voice, frightened *Julia* effectually, and ſhe haſtened away from the door; and *Joe*, ſorrowful enough, was preparing to follow; when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad," ſaid this dog in office, "who is that?"—"My miſtreſs," anſwered *Joe*. "Ay. From the country, I ſuppoſe."—"Yes. I come from the country too."—"O! ſo I ſee. So I ſee. You are not acquainted, I find, with the ways in this town?"—"No, ſir, not with all of them."—"Why then—come hither, your ear a moment. I have the honor to be lord *C.*'s porter; and my maſter has ordered me—that is, I and my maſter have agreed, to receive no letter here, unleſs the bearer gives me a crown. However, as you and your miſtreſs are ſtrangers, and I am a man of honor, I'll be more merciful to you, and ſo conſent to take only half-a-crown. But mum—ſly; not a word for your life; for if my maſter was to hear I take ſo little, he'd turn me out of my place." "Sure I am maſter," anſwered *Joe*, "indeed we are both very much obliged to you for being ſo kind. But then, what can you do for us, if ſo be that my lord a'n't at home?"—"Pſhaw! man," ſaid the porter, "run after your miſtreſs, and bring the money, and I'll ſatisfy you about that."—"O! an' that be all," replied *Joe*, "I can pay the money myſelf." He drew out his laſt half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after his miſtreſs; and as he went, he murmured to himſelf, "Icod though, wern't that a lord's houſe, it looks hugely like bribery and corruption."

Our two travellers then returned, and were received by

the porter with a more courteous complaiſance. He now informed them, that, though his lordſhip was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return back to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, the young lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his abſence. She delivered her packet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti-chamber. The letters were ſent up to the noble youth in his dreſſing-room.

Now, in order to prepare my readers for a very important era in the life of our heroine, it may be neceſſary to relate what this noble youth was. A fooliſh grandmother had left him three thouſand a-year, independent of his father and his age; all which, with three thouſand more, he gallantly ſpent, like a man of ſpirit, before the year was expired. He aſſerted, that every kingdom in *Europe* contributed to furniſh his ſeraglio; he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one *French*, one *Spaniſh*, one *Italian*, one *Scandinavian*, one *German*, one *Iriſh*, and one *Britiſh* nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the myſteries at hazard, and knew *Demoivre* better than the decalogue; he boaſted (and he had a right to do it), that he had killed five waiters, and ſhot two clergymen, and ſeven hundred ſheep; which laſt feat he performed as follows. He was a fowler when at his father's eſtate in the country; and when he had been unſucceſsful in purſuit of game, he always diſcharged his piece into the body of a ſheep. As this amuſement exactly hit his taſte, he would ſometimes re-charge, and rediſcharge, till, perhaps, before his return home, he would leave half a dozen dead upon the field. He frequently obſerved, that this was an amuſement which ought to be practiſed by all noblemen, in order to fit them to command in the field in time of war, in the ſervice of their country. He boaſted too, that he had in his life killed fifteen women, by breaking their hearts with a hopeleſs paſſion. This, however, was (to uſe an old and honeſt *Engliſh* phraſe) a *lie*; for he never killed but one woman; and that was by breaking—not her heart, but her *neck*, by throwing her into the horſe-pond, where he ſwore ſhe had drowned herſelf. But *ſhe* was only a *dairy-maid*. He boaſted alſo—but in ſhort, we are tired with repeating his glories. Suffice it to ſay, that his manners were elegantly infamous.

Such was the youth to whom the letter of the father of *Julia* was carried. He opened it; and on reading the following paragraph,

" I have preſumed, my lord, to ſend my daughter as the bearer of this petition, &c."

he rung his bell with great haſte, and inquired if the bearer was below. Being informed that ſhe was, he quickly flew down the ſtairs; and looking in *Julia*'s face, with the moſt polite courteſy deſired her to walk up ſtairs while he conſidered the tenor of her letter. The ſervants were ordered at the ſame time to conduct *Joe* into the hall, and be civil to him. *Julia* aſcended after her noble patron.

Hic pauca deſunt.—We muſt paſs over the hiſtory of half an hour, becauſe it is not yet ripe for relation.

In the mean time, lord *C.*'s chaplain, who had been with his lordſhip in the country, arrived at the houſe. He came home before his lordſhip, to finiſh ſome buſineſs of importance to himſelf before dinner-time. When he entered, he obſerved *Joe* ſtaring about in the hall; and perceiving him to be a ſtranger from the country, entered into converſation with him. He had not many queſtions to aſk; for *Joe*, with his uſual frankneſs, told him the whole hiſtory—about himſelf, about his miſtreſs, and her buſineſs; where ſhe was now, and with whom. Now this chaplain was plain in his manners, and equally plain in his dreſs; ſo plain, that he ſcarcely appeared to be of the cloth. Though an enemy to bloodſhed, he was far from being a coward; and, though he would not ſubſcribe to the thirty-nine articles, he was univerſally allowed to be a very honeſt man.

The chaplain, having finiſhed his interview with *Joe*, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door, when a loud ſhriek ſaluted his ear; then another, and another. He knew the young lady by report, and he knew his young lord by experience. There was no doubt of the buſineſs below. He haſtened down the ſtairs, and liſtened a moment at the key-hole. He could only perceive that ſome perſons were engaged in a violent ſtruggle, and that the chairs were knocked againſt each other. He tried to enter, but the door was locked. Placing his ſhoulder againſt it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleneſs and with eaſe. He entered; and, lo! innocence was once more in diſtreſs. The hair of *Julia* was diſhevelled, and a handkerchief was drawn cloſe over her mouth, which prevented her cries. Her cloak and neck-handkerchief lay upon the floor, and the arms of her raviſher were twined cloſely round her.

A ſhoe had dropped from her foot, and many of the pins had quitted her boſom. Unfortunate girl! continually deſtined to be the prey of cowards and ſcoundrels!

The noble youth quitted his hold when the chaplain appeared, and advancing to him, exclaimed, in a threatening tone, "how dare you, ſir, force your impertinence upon me in my own dreſſing-room?"—"My lord," returned the young man, putting his left hand in his boſom, and giving him a full but indifferent look, "my lord, does it ſuit your high ſpirit to be told, that you are the meaneſt creature in your father's houſe? Noble, without worth; and proud, without dignity, you are beneath the miſcreant who caters for your appetite. Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do not pull you by the noſe; I do not kick you on the breech; I do not laſh you round the room; I do not in any degree deign to chaſtiſe the wretch who has ſtooped to inſult a beautiful, and unoffending woman. Go then, you boaſter; retire into your cloſet, and bluſh in private; and remember that you have reduced yourſelf to be forced to hear theſe ſtinging truths even from ſo humble a man as your father's chaplain. I ſcorn, ſir, to tell your father that you are a ſcoundrel; but do not forget, that for the future I conſider you my inferior."

He finiſhed; and taking *Julia* by the hand, led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him; he conducted her into his own apartment, and ſympathiſed with her in that ſtrain of humane politeneſs which is ever inſeparable from undebauched minds. After ſhe had compoſed herſelf, he diſtantly inquired (as if he had not known) into her buſineſs. This was exactly a repetition of *Joe*'s narration. "I thank you, madam," ſaid he, "for your politeneſs. You will ſee lord *C.* in about an hour; but previouſly I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not longer to be concealed from you. It is now one o'clock. Exactly at ten (about three hours ago) lord *C.* appointed me to the curacy you are come to ſolicit." This information in no degree ſtartled her, nor diſturbed her features. She obſerved, that ſince her father had not been fortunate enough to obtain the curacy, ſhe was happy the appointment was beſtowed upon a man who reſembled him ſo much in his virtues.

At the time ſpecified, lord *C.* arrived. *Julia* was introduced to him by the chaplain, and he ſent to his ſon for her letters. On reading them, he confirmed what the chaplain had mentioned. He then turned to her, and ſaluted her with that virtuous freedom for which he was always remarka-

ble, and fondly converſed with her about the moments he had ſpent with her father near fifty years ago. He next inſiſted that ſhe ſhould ſtay with him two or three days; to which ſhe with the utmoſt difficulty aſſented, of which ſhe informed her parent by letter. When the young lord heard that *Julia* was to continue her viſit, he aſſumed ſome pretence for retiring to his father's villa till her departure.

Need I mention, that the chaplain felt the force of the eyes of *Julia?* From the firſt moment he ſaw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core; for the tears of a fine woman are irreſiſtable.

It was during the ſpace allotted for dinner, that the firſt mutual communication of tenderneſs took place between the chaplain and his adored *Julia*. I ſay the ſpace *allotted* for dinner, as either party was too much abſorbed in the intereſts of the heart, to fulfil the demands of hunger; he had ſcarcely performed the firſt ceremonies of the table, by invoking the bleſſing of omnipotence upon the repaſt, ere he riveted his eyes upon the harmoniſed viſage of his beloved maid, who ſat, unconſcious of his adoration, in a ſtate half tranquilliſed; her delicate ſyſtem had not yet fully recovered the tone of calmneſs; ſhe even yet fluttered at the remembrance of dangers ſhe had paſſed, and would have been more than ordinarily depreſſed with awe, had not the gentle old peer as ardently exerciſed the firſt principle of politeneſs, by reconciling her to her ſituation, through the medium of attention.

There are moments when it may be imagined that inviſible ſylphs are buoyant, to direct the ſtruggles of the ſoul, and cunningly to lay open the ſecrets of the heart by an apparent accident, when the powers of language are denied by diſcretion, or withheld by terror. It was in one of theſe important moments, when a recollection of the great ſervices which had been rendered her by the young divine came full upon her mind; and as we are ſolicitous to contemplate what we eſteem, ſhe modeſtly lifted up her eye-lids to regard her preſerver; who, perceiving her aim, collected ſuch a portion of fire in his viſion, that when the azure orbs of *Julia* came in a direct line with thoſe of the chaplain, the lambent beam ſhot through her ſweet frame, confounded the dominion of her ſenſes, and encloſed her warm heart. She felt an unuſual throbbing, and ſhrunk, like the ſenſitive plant, within herſelf, as wiſhing to hide what was unavoidable from the obſervation of her aſſociates. This occurrence emboldened her admirer to open the ſecond battery of his

affections, by making the following requeſt: "Ma—Ma—Madam, will you do me the honor to take a glaſs of wine?" To this propoſal the gladdening *Julia* aſſented, by an inclination of her fair body; and while ſhe ſipped the roſy liquid, her cheek was more highly ſuffuſed with red than the beverage ſhe ſo ſparingly imbibed; the trembling of her hand made the glaſs vibrate on her pearly teeth; ſhe panted with apprehenſion, yet looked with celeſtial benignity.

For thoſe coarſe and unenviable perſons, who have never known the bewitching influence of love, and its undeſcribable movements in the boſom, this recital can have no force; but with thoſe whoſe organization is more delicate, it will have ſome intereſt; each will conceive, in the myſteries of feeling, what I am not able to delineate with my pen, and acquire a temporary gratification, by ſuppoſing all that *Julia* felt, in a novel embarraſſment ſo luxuriantly painful. The chaplain was ſcarcely leſs confounded; he was agonized with the wiſh for an opportunity to be more explicit. The ſuppreſſion of thoſe declaratory ſentiments to the object of his pure regard, that were to determine the tendancies of his future life, created a pain within his heart; and twice a ſigh burſt from its core, and would have iſſued from his lips, if his correct judgment had not whiſpered that it would be hazarding an emotion, in the preſence of a third perſon, which was not ſtrictly compatible with policy, and might be offending, if not injurious, to his delectable *Julia*.

It is on trials like theſe, that the accompliſhments ariſing from a refined education can meliorate the powerful demands of inclination; and they are ſo highly profitable, that in proportion as we exerciſe ſelf-denial, we are but preparing the ſenſes for a richer banquet. It was not ordained that we ſhould make the overtures of love with a beſtial precipitation, and leap over the chain of progreſſive bliſſes which emanate from the ſoft adminiſtration of ſympathy.

When the mere groſs pleaſures of the table had ſubſided, and the chaplain had fervently made his acknowledgments to the Almighty for his great bounty, the venerable nobleman turned toward his gentle gueſt, with a mien fraught with the ſincereſt reſpect; and looking with ineffable kindneſs, aſked her how ſhe approved of the metropolis, as he underſtood that ſhe had never been in town before. *Julia* replied, with ſome heſitation, that her knowledge of *London*, and indeed of ſociety in general, was ſo very limited, that ſhe ſhould but expoſe her ignorance of both, and perhaps do a

common wrong, by venturing her ideas upon a theme ſhe ſo ill underſtood; that ſhe found ſome of the beſt axioms of theory overthrown by the practices of a buſy world; and that before ſhe preſumed to draw a final opinion, ſhe would endeavor to know more, as it were probable the baſer part of human nature might be very inferior in number and influence to thoſe who were exemplary; at leaſt ſhe would indulge that hope, until conviction denied her ſuch a cheering privilege. At the concluſion of the well-managed feſtivities of the board, lord *C.* requeſted the chaplain to ſhow his fair viſitant the pictures in the gallery, which contained a ſuperb collection of ſome of the moſt perfect performances of the ancient and modern maſters.

As no unilluminated mind can conceive, nor pen expreſs, the delightful perturbation of the young eccleſiaſtic's heart, on receiving this injunction, I ſhall imitate *Apelles*, and paſs over what I cannot delineate. He modeſtly roſe to convey his lovely charge to the promiſed ſcene of contemplation, and had led her to the door, when the benevolent nobleman arreſted their progreſs for a minute (and minutes in ſuch circumſtances are whole hours of delay), to exact a promiſe from *Julia*, that ſhe would uſe his houſe as her peculiar home, until her buſineſs or wiſhes in the metropolis were fulfilled. She bowed aſſent to this hoſpitable deſire, and the parties gracefully receded from each other.

When the reader recollects this was the firſt time that *Julia* had been alone with her young chaplain, ſince her deliverance from the licentious fury of an *honorable* ruffian, he cannot be amazed that ſhe ſhould feel the richeſt diſplay of the beſt artiſts abſorbed in the ſuperior merit of her preſerver, who was ſo nobly active in a ſituation where few would have ventured to offer an opinion in favor of diſtreſſed virtue. Suffice it to ſay, that the tender and unſophiſticated heart of *Julia* was warmed in the ſurvey of her gallant and moral companion. She heard his arguments with attention, and eagerly gave him credit, even for advantages he did not poſſeſs; her cheeks were flushed with crimſon, whenever he preſſed her lily hand between his own; and ſhe ſtood confeſſedly the victim of her feeling, though her language was delicately chaſte, and her ideas unſullied by a licentious wiſh.

Here I muſt neceſſarily abridge the hiſtory of three days, during which the moſt unreſerved communication of ſentiment was indulged between the enamored couple. Yet was not the important event communicated to lord *C.* The only

motive to this forbearance originated in *Julia*, who would not consent to that particular measure, until her dear father had ratified the proposal with his consent. A special messenger was dispatched to *Elmwood*, and the answer was auspicious to their common desire.

How supremely happy is that state of truth, when mutual confidence is the result of mutual virtue! In what portion of his being, can the voluptuary derive an enjoyment equal to those sensations which arise when duty sanctifies passion? How weak are the arguments of the materialists! how futile the subtilities of *Epicurus* and *Spinosa*, when opposed to the force of those emotions which uplift the guiltless, and assuredly demonstrate that we shall be rewarded in proportion as we are just; that our free agency is inseparably connected with responsibility; and that to pass through life safely, we must act wisely; and to be blessed, we must be innocent!

When, by the indirect movements of chance, it came to the knowledge of lord *C.*, that his son had behaved with disrespect toward the pure daughter of his old friend, he manifested emotions of surprise and indignation; and ordered that he should be acquainted with the return of his son, in the instant that he arrived. Those orders had not been delivered many hours before his arrival was announced. He commanded him into his presence, and, with an air of parental dignity, addressed him thus:—"My son, for such I am *compelled* to believe you are, I require you to tell me, upon what principle you think our reciprocal duties are to be maintained toward each other?"—"This question, my lord, is so very singular and unexpected, that I scarcely know how to form an answer, adequate to your desires."—"Why then, sir, I will relieve you from this embarrassment, and inform you, it is *justice*."—"Certainly, my lord."—"Then, as you admit the principle, give me leave to ask you, if you hold it just, that the powerful should oppress the defenceless?"—"Assuredly not, my lord."—"Perhaps you will not consider it as reasonable, that the aggression should be expiated by punishment?"—"To what do all these unusual questions tend? You appear to me, my lord, to be drawing me into a state of responsibility in which I am not interested."—"Indeed you are, sir, and that in a very great degree."—"How, my lord?"—"I will tell you, sir. You have had the meanness and the audacity to insult an amiable young lady under my roof; and I insist that you immediately write her a letter of atonement, and ask her forgiveness."—"My lord, you may have been misinformed in this matter; give me

permiſſion to explain the circumſtances."—"I underſtand ſo much of the truth already, ſir, that an explanation may increaſe, but cannot do away your diſhonor; ſo, without any heſitation, take up the pen, and write to the lady what I ſhall dictate."—"You will recollect, my lord, that *Julia* is not my equal."—"According to the laws of politeneſs, ſir, every woman is every man's ſuperior; and agreeably to the laws of morality, ſhe is an angel, and you are—but I will not be unneceſſarily harſh in ſentiment; ſo inſtantaneouſly write."

With a heart overflowing with mortification, almoſt to burſting, the *honorable* offender ſat down, and with a trembling hand indicted the following epiſtle, from the words of lord C.

"*Madam,*

"*It duly becomes me, as the guardian of my own honor, to implore your forgiveneſs, for an error committed during the ſuſpenſion of my reaſon. I vainly imagined that the advantages reſulting from high birth, youth, and fortune, could compenſate for want of virtue; but reflection has taught me otherwiſe. I am now ſo thoroughly convinced of my own unworthineſs, that I cannot be happy if you withhold your pardon. The purity of your own nature, and the truth you have imbibed from the education of ſo good a man as your father, will ſuggeſt that [illegible]ure not to be abandoned who are faulty, and that thoſe who forgive moſt, the more nearly reſemble heaven. With the deepeſt contrition, and the moſt ardent hope, I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,* CHARLES C."

While the venerable old peer was in the act of preparation to ſeal and ſuperſcribe this letter, in order that it might be ſent to *Julia*, the chaplain entered; but, on ſeeing the object of his recent reſentment, he was going to retire, under the apprehenſion that he might be tranſacting ſome private buſineſs with his father. "Stop, ſir," ſaid the old nobleman; "I want you to be witneſs to an act of retribution. Read this letter; and then inform me, if the apology is proportioned to the offence." The manly eccleſiaſtic peruſed it with a mixture of pleaſure and aſtoniſhment; and when he had concluded, approached the young gentleman with an air of ineffable kindneſs; and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "how happy would it be for human kind, if all tranſgreſſions were thus underſtood, and thus obliterated! You muſt not be amazed, my lord," added he, turning to his patron, "if I feel ſenſations nearly approaching to extacy on this theme, as the object of this letter has conſented to be my wife."—Your wife!" ejaculated both, in the

ſame inſtant. "It is even ſo," rejoined the worthy curate, provided your lordſhip has no objection to the union."—"So far am I, ſir, from diſapproving your choice, that I muſt inſtantly go and give the bride elect joy; and you, my ſon, ſhall go too, and prove, by your preſent demeanor, that you are aſhamed of the paſt; this is a duty that all will fulfil with cheerfulneſs. When virtue is rewarded, all that think ſhould rejoice."

Here let the reader ponder upon the undeſcribable emo' ons which played about the ſuſceptible heart of *Julia* from the momentous period that ſhe was left with the curate, until ſhe was congratulated on their return from the altar by the man who had attempted to deſtroy her dignity and peace; but it was a chain of events ſo diverſified and ſo luxuriant, that no vulgar mind can accompany the progreſſion.

Julia, whoſe benevolence of mind was equal, if not ſuperior, to every other female virtue, did not forget duly to viſit the poor old man, the watchman's neighbor; but he died the third day after her firſt viſit, and was buried by the pariſh; after which, this benevolent lady took the child with her into the country, where ſhe and her huſband not only maintained and protected it, but likewiſe inſtructed it in every moral and religious duty.

In ſhort they ſet off on their journey, attended by the truſty *Joe*. Without any accident, they arrived in due time at *Elmwood*. The father, overpowered by love and tenderneſs, ſunk at the ſide of his daughter. The daughter, agitated by affection and joy, filled the boſom of her father with ſighs, and revived him with the plenty and warmth of her adventures; while *Joe*, in the centre of the green, had the whole village collected round him, and related to them the wonders of *London*.

I muſt now cloſe this hiſtory. Several months have elapſed ſince the above events happened, and the young curate is now happy in the poſſeſſion of his *Julia*. *Julia* too is bleſſed, for the houſes of her huſband and her father are adjoining to each other.

Printed by S. Fiſher, No. 10, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell. 1803.